

Cheap Silly Splendor

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Summary: But when he caught her eye, she looked shocked and disgusted so he had to talk to her. "Deeks?" She squeaked. She really did squeak. Post-ep for Hand to Hand.

Cheap Silly Splendor

\_No profit garnered. Nothing mine. Title from the Damnwells song "You Don't Have to Like Me To Love Me." Thanks to sfa for beta.\_

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On a scale of one to whoa back the fuck up, Marty put spotting Special Agent Kensi Blye waiting in front of the movie theater at about whoa. Pretty darn whoa. She was definitely not dressed for work, or at least he assumed the standard dress for NCIS was not slinky short skirts, tight button down shirts coupled with surprisingly sexy flats and a very tiny purse. She was possibly not even carrying. Maybe NCIS made very tiny guns that they only let very special agents have.

Since he wasn't sure if she was working undercover or out on her own, he was going to just make eye contact and walk away. But when he caught her eye, she looked shocked and disgusted so he had to talk to her. "Deeks?" She squeaked. She really did squeak.

"Kensi," he said, stepping right into her personal space. "Are you here to see How to Train Your Dragon? No, it's Hot Tub Time Machine. No, Clash of the Titans. No, no, I got it. The Square."

She rolled her eyes very hard and stepped back. "Actually, I was here to see Date Night, but I changed my mind."

He grinned at her and stepped towards her again. "Oh my gosh, did you get stood up? Is this some kind of eHarmony, Romancing the One first

meet?" Kensi's face fell for a moment before she started to say no, so he kept talking. "I hope you didn't think your loser date was me."

"I did not," she said, clearly lying. "Why do you think my date was a loser?"

"He didn't show. I mean, you're clearly super hot, who blows that off?"

She hesitated, stared at him and finally said, "Thank you."

"I was going to see The Square," Deeks said, lying. He had come for his second viewing of Hot Tub Time Machine or possibly Clash of the Titans. One of those two, for sure. "But I will happily accompany you to Date Night. We probably should do a little hanging out before I start reporting to the mission."

"Before you what?" Kensi was back to being shocked.

"Did Hetty not tell you?" Marty felt a little nervous. He'd heard from Hetty about his start date, and talked to the awesome little lady a few times. So he definitely had the new job. His bosses at LAPD had talked to him, Hetty had talked to him. "I'm your new LAPD liaison. Working with the team, going undercover, all that."

"I don't believe you," Kensi said.

That was a bad omen. Marty had learned he was not fantastic at winning over every person he met, but he had slightly positive hopes for NCIS. He was downgrading them to very slightly positive. But maybe he could change that. "Well, then, let's definitely see the movie. If I'm right, we'll have a pleasant laugh fest with our pals Steve Carrell and Tina Fey and learn a little about each other. If you're right, you get a free movie out of it with someone way more fun than your match dot com jerkface."

"I am right, Hetty would never," she said, with a little huff in her voice. "You should also buy me popcorn and candy and a drink."

"You have a very big appetite," Marty said. "I like that. Or you're taking advantage of me, which I'm happy to put up with, frankly."

"Good," she said, "since this is the last time I'm going to get to do it as there is no way Hetty hired you."

"You like me," he said. "You really like me."

She really appeared not to, but he was sure he could most likely change her mind. Also, she was clearly attracted to him, so he had that on his side. She wanted a ton of candy and the largest popcorn and a huge Coke. He paid for all that and got himself a water and some sour patch kids.

As they walked into the theater with him carrying half of her candy, the popcorn and both of their drinks, she said, "You're the kind of guy who talks during the movie."

"I will be now," he said. He managed to sit down without spilling

anything. She grabbed all her candy and put the popcorn on the other side of her, away from him. He moved it back and managed to brush against her perfect tits on the way. She made another huffy noise but he was pretty sure she was more offended about the food than the near feel.

Kensi had a kind of excruciating goofy laugh. She used it a lot during the movie whether or not Marty laughed, which was pretty hot. Nothing more boring than a woman who had to wait on a guy to tell her how to react, how it was safe to be.

All of Kensi's body signals were also sending a strong and clear message that she wanted to fuck him. He was totally and completely down for that. Or up for that, he thought, snickering at himself. He loved a good dick joke. He also wanted to be sure that Kensi understood they would be working together, otherwise he was just some fucking asshole. Unlike many men Marty had met, he did not get extra turned on by being a massive fucking asshole.

"You really ate all that food," he said as the lights came up.

"I really did," she said. "Still hungry, too."

"Wow," Marty said. "Was that part of your ChristianMingle plan? Movie, dinner, drinks?"

"Dinner and drinks combined," she said. "And it was not Christian mingle dot com."

"Surely, you're not that hungry," he said. "No way."

"Yes way," she said. She glanced across the street at the Mexican dive bar slash diner. "Your wallet still open?"

"Sure," he said. "I know you want more of the Marty experience, Special Agent Blye. Though if I'd been the one you were matched with \_"

"Which would never happen," she said. She walked very very briskly across the street, barely looking. He understood, though, LA drivers did generally stop for all extremely hot women that jaywalked with confidence. He trailed behind her, because he really liked the view.

"Which would very much happen because you know what? Opposites attract and near-opposites, which we are. Also, you're totally hot for me. My main point is that if we were going on this date, I would have showed up, picked a different movie, and taken you to better restaurant before we went to the movie. That way if we decided to get to the good stuff after dinner, we wouldn't have to sit through a movie."

"God, you are so arrogant," Kensi said. She grabbed a seat at a table towards the back and gestured to him to sit down. "Also, no way you are coming to work for NCIS."

"I won't be an agent, I'll be the liaison." He took out his phone and displayed the recent contacts list. "See? Isn't that Hetty's number?"

She sat back. The waitress came by and Kensi rattled off an order for tequila and two burritos. The waitress walked away and Kensi said, "Damn. That was just my order."

"I'm gonna have one of those burritos," he said. "Also, do you now accept we'll be working together?"

"Not really," she said. "But I admit you think you are."

"Okay," he said. "Okay, then." Their food and drink came and he did indeed have one of her burritos. He only did one shot of tequila. "I drove here," he said.

"Same," she said. He noticed she stopped at two. She stared him down like she was thinking very very hard. She was so hot for him. She said, "I don't really think you're attractive."

He laughed. "Totally not true, but okay."

She tossed her hair and smirked. "Nevertheless. Let's do it in the bathroom here."

"Really? Because you don't find me attractive and you think I'm too incompetent to work for your fancy agency? Those are very weird reasons, Kensi." He leaned forward. "Or was all that bluster to cover how much you wanted me from the minute you saw me?"

She said, "No way Hetty can't do better than you for this liaison job, which we don't need. So, yes, fine, you're not unattractive. Consider this your consolation gift." She got up and went to the bathroom without looking back.

Women are strange and inscrutable, he thought. Especially smoking hot Navy agents. On the other hand, she clearly wanted to. He definitely wanted to. But they would be working together. But Kensi seemed pretty confident they wouldn't be. He was on his fourth hand and he actually disliked making these kind of decisions as complex as his contracts class back at law school. Kensi was not drunk. She was 100% consenting. She was 110% super hot.

He got up and went to the bathroom. There were two at the restaurant, both unisex. He picked the second one. Kensi was inside, so he turned the lock to occupied. She had unbuttoned her shirt so it hung open and unlatched her very pretty bra at the front. "You were totally planning to get laid tonight," he said.

"Looks like I planned correctly," she said, looking down at his crotch. "Have a condom." She tossed him one and he caught it.

He was, indeed, already hard. He walked the two steps forward to stand in front of her. She grabbed his face and kissed him very aggressively, with tongue. He ran his hands up up the back of her perfect thighs, pushing her skirt up and over her panties. They felt silky. He pushed them down so he could hold her bare ass in his hands. The woman was soft and supple layered over firm muscle and he really could not wait to fuck her.

She pulled back very slightly and said, "I don't want my panties anywhere near this floor."

He said something witty like "bwug bwuh kay." She smiled at him. Then she undid his belt and got his jeans open, pushing them down with his nicest pair of Beckham boxer-briefs. "But my jeans on the floor is okay," he managed to say.

"I'm sorry," she said, clearly not sorry. She took the condom from his hand and put it on very carefully. Then she turned around so her ass was pointing up. "Doggystyle," she said. "Not interested in \_"

"Got it," he said. He ran his fingers over her already wet pussy. He teased her for a few minutes with his fingers pushing in a little and withdrawing. He wanted at least one moment when she wasn't totally in charge, as hot as her being on top was.

She said, "fuck," and clawed at his hip which he took as his one moment. He pushed all the way in to her quiet but vocal delight. She was warm and wet and tight and so responsive and basically one of the most perfect women in the world, ever.

He came first and she swore at him that he better keep going. "You are so hot," he said.

They both cleaned up, her finishing first. She said, "Don't think I'll see you again, but that was nice."

He said, "I hope you will, but I promise to pretend this never happened when we do."

She smirked, tossed her movie star hair, and left the bathroom. By the time he got out, she was gone.

\_"The best they could do," he said three days later, tapping on the desk.\_

\_"Sorry," she said, clearly lying. \_

End  
file.